



Time was running out and our faith was put to the test. Would God provide? Would He answer our prayers? Rod was in ICU so my presence at the hospital was mostly 24/7 but one night I did go home to take a shower and get a good night's rest. Once home, I could let my emotions pour out. And pour out they did.

Sitting on our bed I began to pray. Loud, intense utterances that turned into wailing. I prayed and I wailed, I wailed and I prayed. Please God, save my husband! Please God have mercy on us! Please God, I need you to hear me! Please God, show me a miracle!

I've shared this experience on several occasions and sometimes the expression on the listener's face tells me they may think I was dreaming or even think I'm crazy, but I can tell you without a doubt that God was with me and listening to my supplications. The air became thick and I sensed I was not alone. I began to reach out as if I could touch Him. Yes, He was with me. There was peace in the midst.

Was God that close to me? I believe He was and He is. I trust what His Word promises - God is close to the brokenhearted and I can never flee from His presence. I believe He was with me and heard my wailing that night.

We should be in the habit of seeking God in prayer, not just when we have a request. After all, we are commanded to pray continually and we are promised that God hears. But God welcomes our prayers of desperation too. And when we seek Him in prayer, we are admitting our need and acknowledging our trust in the One who is Sovereign over our lives.

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Psalm 34:18 (NLT)


**"The Lord is close to the brokenhearted;
he rescues those whose spirits are crushed."**

Psalm 139:7(NLT)

**"I can never escape from your Spirit!
I can never get away from your presence!"**



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